



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

cies of the government, and the ability of the merchant. Salutary changes are gradually and slowly taking place ; yet there is abundant room for improvement, not more in the commercial regulations, than in the political and civil institutions of Chile.

---

ART. III.—*Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant General in the Service of the French and Batavian Republics. Written by Himself, and continued by his Son ; with his Political Writings, and Fragments of his Diary, whilst Agent to the General and Sub Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, and Secretary to the Delegation who presented their Petition to His Majesty George III. His Mission to France ; with a complete Diary of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French and Batavian Republics for the Liberation of Ireland ; of the Expedition of Bantry Bay, the Texel, and of that wherein he fell. Narrative of his Trial, Defence before the Court Martial, and Death. Edited by his Son, WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE ; with a brief Account of his own Education and Campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon.* 2 vols. 8vo. Washington.

THIS ample title page promises much variety, and in that the reader will not be disappointed ; and though to such as hold a great book to be a great evil, twelve hundred pages of autobiography may seem somewhat appalling, yet many will think, when they have read the work and felt its interest and importance, that it is not too long. We are of opinion, however, that with regard to its popularity and general circulation, it might have been condensed to advantage. The multiplicity of books in these days renders economy of time as well as of purse, a necessary consideration.

It has become a fashion of late, and it is sanctioned by the example of the most ingenious authors of our times, to interweave with affecting stories of individuals, often creatures of the brain, important passages of history, and thus to enlist curiosity and sensibility in aid of useful acquirements. The nearer those works resemble or approach the truth, the greater are their merit and their charm. The narrative before us comes

out as one of entire truth ; the history is of a crisis as important as any, that the eventful period of the last half century has produced ; and the story is more moving, more pathetic, and of more thrilling interest, than almost any tale of romance invented to excite the sympathies of human nature, and the tenderer feelings of the heart. Before we had read this book, we had heard the name of Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had suffered, with many others of his countrymen, for attempting to effect a separation of Ireland from England ; for having been a United Irishman, taken in arms, bearing the commission of a French general officer, and waging war against the Irish, or, should we say, the British government. We had always understood him to have been a man of lofty courage and eminent talents, and of an amiable and virtuous private character. The specimens we had seen of other distinguished United Irishmen, who had been for many years our fellow citizens, had impressed us very favorably ; but we had never before seen the history of that epoch drawn out so fully, nor formed a proper conception of the solid arguments upon which the rebellion of the Irish people could be defended, nor of the extensive views of those who put all to hazard on the chance of liberty or death.

When we took up these volumes we intended no more, than to exercise an impartial judgment within the sphere of our literary duties ; we did not, nor do we yet, enter the field as champions of Ireland against England ; we rather hope that some propitious change may remove the causes of such a disastrous strife, wherein men, formed to shine as an ornament and honor to their country, perish on the scaffold. But without engaging in that quarrel we must say, that had we been the most devoted partisans of England's power and empire, still by the reading of this narrative, our hearts would have been subdued into respect and admiration for the man, who in so extraordinary a degree united the highest and most attractive qualities of the head and heart. It is rare to find such endowments in one individual ; quick and brilliant conceptions, a judgment solid and exact, powers of argument clear and convincing, great firmness of purpose, with a temper gentle and winning, and a cheerful and pleasing vein of native wit, that in the darkest hours of danger and dismay lighted and cheered his way, and in the very heat of battle played like a lambent flame around his crest. Add to this a heart framed for friendship and love, and it must be owned, that, perish where he

might, when or for what he might, when Tone fell, there fell a noble being.

And now, after long years are past, his son and relict claim to be heard in his behalf. They appeal to the great tribunal of humanity and to posterity, to man below, to heaven above, for a reversal of that sentence, which doomed him to a traitor's death. We are told by the editor, the son and worthy representative of such a father, that more than a quarter of a century has been suffered to pass, lest the disclosures in this story of his father's life might compromit his friends, or any of those who acted with him. At length, and when there remained but two survivors of his family, the precariousness of human life required the consummation of the long made vow. A monument was to be raised from the materials which his own hands had provided; and to the record of his conviction as a traitor, was to be opposed and confronted the record of his life. 'It is a tribute,' says the son, 'which I owe to the memory of my father, and a sacred duty; believing as I do that in the eyes of impartial posterity it will do honor to his character.'

Our duty as reviewers of this book is not an easy one. No ordinary rules of criticism can be fairly applied to writings, never intended to meet the public eye, and which never would have appeared in their present form, had the author lived to complete the history of his country, of his own life, and his own times. We are told by the editor, and it is often repeated by his father in different passages of his diaries, that they were intended for his family and one or two select friends; and nothing, indeed can be more evident; for to whom else could be addressed those glowing expressions of heartfelt love, those inward confidences of the soul, those playful sallies of whim and humor, those transitions from grave to gay, not to be felt or understood but by the few to whose fond memory they might recall the happier hours of social and domestic intercourse?

We shall endeavor to give a fair summary of the nature and contents of the book, without overloading our article with quotations, in which if we were to indulge ourselves, we should be led too far. And, with respect to the digressions and raillery so amusing, and often so affecting, it would be injustice to repeat them to our readers, who might not yet have become acquainted with the genius and character of him, from whom they proceeded, nor have entered into the feelings of the little community, with whom they were current, and for whom only they were intended.

If it be asked, why reveal to the public what was intended only for the social or domestic circle? we should say, that candor suggests a ready answer. The justification, or vindication, of Tone's character and honor, was not to be a denial of any fact, nor the particular inculcation of any individual. On his trial he disclaimed all subterfuge, all compromise. He would have stated with manly composure the grounds on which he acted, and the reasons why he took up arms. He was not allowed to exhibit his side of the question. He was denied a hearing on the only point to which he cared to speak. He made but one request, which was to die the death of a soldier, and as an enemy taken in honorable warfare. Had that been thought admissible, these memoirs perhaps had never seen the light. It was because he was refused that boon, not denied to the French emigrants standing nearly in the same situation before the military tribunals of the French republic, as he did before that court martial assembled to pass sentence upon him, that this vindication of his character has been after so long delay, produced. He was sentenced to a mode of death, which to himself abstractedly, might have been indifferent, but which affected him through those whom he loved much more than his own life. It was calculated to wring the heart of his aged and sorrowing parent, to give a triumph to a malignant faction, and to wound his honor as a soldier, for he held the commission of a *chef de brigade*, and of adjutant general in the French army, and had served as such. If, then, the object was to confound him with common malefactors and felons by the manner of his death, and to fix the stigma of shame and infamy on him and his posterity, how natural, how honorable, and how sacred is the task, by which his son has undertaken to lay before the world his acts, his opinions, his words, his writings, his secret thoughts and very inward breathings of his soul. And this may well account for and excuse whatever may seem redundant in these volumes; for the son and relict of this extraordinary man well knew, that more was required of them, than their own silent sorrow, or smothered and unavailing recollections.

It was not enough, that they adored his memory. It was not enough, that he had died lamented, and that in the dark and dismal night of terror, that enveloped all connected with him, some few and faithful friends had stolen secretly with trembling steps to scatter a few tear bedewed flowers on his

grave ; or that, in later times and under better auspices, his name had been sounded with bolder acclamation. It was not enough, that his fate had been pitied, and his private worth acknowledged. It was not enough, that he should have a place in story, with brave outlaws, or convicts half redeemed from the shame of their crimes by their courage, amiable qualities, or high endowments. It was not enough for those who gloried in his name to seek excuses for him, as for one of a good heart but unsound judgment, an honest enthusiast, who does wrong intending right. Those with whom his vindication lay were too candid and too enlightened not to know, that revolt and rebellion against organized power and settled government may be and often have been the work of guilty and remorseless ambition, and this even where the governments sought to be overturned were themselves corrupt. They were willing that his merit should be graduated upon that scale, which descends to Cataline and mounts to Cato ; and for their patriot hero they claim the highest point ; and they proudly, and we cannot say vaingloriously, place him by the side of that last and best of the free Romans, who, when his country's cause was lost, and her last hope gone, fell upon his own sword, and closed his eyes in willing death, before the hand of the executioner could dishonor his person, or he be led forth to swell the triumph of his fratricidal foe. The stake they go for is an important one. The world must be their judge. They have laid the very soul of their beloved martyr bare to view. His failings and frailties, of which he was himself the sternest censor, are all set forth. Truth, sacred truth, is the foundation on which they place his monumental image, faithful to the life, uncurtailed in any one of its proportions.

It was with this view, no doubt, that so many of the lighter fragments have been inserted, and that so many of his graver writings have been retained, to serve as cumulative evidence, how profoundly he had examined the subject of his country's unhappy condition, and probed the wounds under which she suffered and groaned. And though there may be many repetitions in these various tracts, yet the historical knowledge they contain, and the moral and political lessons they impress, render them well worth preserving. Others, who have written long histories of Ireland, have, like the historians of other countries, indulged in speculations, and dwelt more upon fabulous antiquities, than the purposes of true and useful history would

warrant. Swift and Molineux were the authors, who treated the cause of Ireland with a view to her condition then, her rights and her wrongs. But when Swift wrote, the great mass of the population were broken and brayed, and while he dissected the religious dissensions between high church and low church, and the political factions of Whig and of Tory, he thought no more of the majority of the people, and the most ancient possessors, than if they had been so many beasts of the field. And as the whigs and patriots in and out of parliament entertained no more enlarged or extensive views, when the American revolution first stirred their patriotic feelings, and raised their thoughts towards the equal independence of their country, its free legislation and free trade ; when they formed that army of volunteers, which was first raised to defend their unprotected coasts against invasion, and afterwards to give efficacy to their remonstrances against the usurpations of an English government and legislature over that of their own then independent kingdom, as they asserted it to be ; so, though their success was brilliant, and a blaze of uncommon talent shone forth within their parliament, yet a few years undid all that they had done. Religious intolerance divided the land, and, as the house that is divided against itself cannot stand, so neither could they. Instead of securing that equality and independence, which was already within their grasp, they lost all, because they were too interested, too proud, or too bigoted, to share the privileges they challenged for themselves with the mass of their countrymen.

It was at this interesting epoch that Tone, who had already given early proofs of his talents, was led to consider the cause of such a failure, and deeply examine the true state and condition of his country. We shall here use the words of the editor in his preface.

‘ In opening these pages, it should be remembered that the situation and political organization of Ireland at that period were perfectly different from what they had been before and have fallen to since. She possessed at that precise moment a separate government and a national legislature nominally independent. My father never considered himself as an Englishman, nor a subject of Great Britain, but as a native and subject of the kingdom of Ireland, most zealously and passionately devoted to the rights, liberties, and glory of his country. At the epoch of the American war (1782), the unguarded state of that island, the efforts of the patriots in its legislature, and the simultaneous and formidable

rising of the volunteers, whilst England was exhausted by that fruitless contest, had wrung from the British government the reluctant acknowledgment of its independence. The period was bright and glorious. With the first dawn of liberty, Ireland took a new spring, and began to flourish by her natural resources, the spirit of the people reviving with her commerce, industry, and manufactures. But this dawn was soon overcast by the corruption of her government, and the bigoted intolerance of the ruling Protestant ascendancy. My object is not to write a history, nor to anticipate what my father has urged with such force and eloquence in the following memoirs; but had the Irish legislators, who recovered their independent rights, had the liberality to emancipate their Catholic brethren, and allowed them to participate in the benefits of free and equal citizenship, and had the volunteers admitted them into their ranks, England never would have recovered the power she had lost; and it would be a curious, but at this day a vain speculation, to calculate what those two independent but allied kingdoms might have risen to, each cultivating its own separate means, under one sovereign and with one interest.' Vol. i. p. 5, 6.

Speaking of the Roman Catholics of that day, whom the wakening spirit of liberty had roused from their long slumber, he says;

'Their first steps were weak and timid, but their progress was inconceivably rapid. Those of the present day, in reading these memoirs, and other works of the same time, will scarcely believe that their fathers could ever have been degraded to such a state; and with what trembling, doubts, and hesitation, they first opened their eyes to the dawn of freedom, and directed their first tottering steps in its career. My father was the first Protestant, who engaged in their cause to its full extent, and experienced in the beginning the greatest difficulty to rouse them, if not to a sense of their wrongs, at least to the spirit of expressing them.'

Vol. i. p. 6.

After animadverting upon the narrow policy, which, instead of encouraging the industry and the mental and physical resources of Ireland, from a petty jealousy of competition crushed them by every possible means, he adds;

'The only conclusion which I wish to draw from these premises is, that England, by dissolving the Irish government, has fully confirmed the charges adduced against it, and my father's opinion of it; and till the abuses which it supported, and which survived its fall are corrected, till that monopoly is removed by which all the rights of citizenship and sovereignty are usurped by a favored

minority, whilst the remainder of the population groans in slavery, Ireland, either under a separate and national administration, or as a province of Great Britain, will ever remain in an unnatural state of anarchy and misery, unable to cultivate her resources, either for her own benefit, or even for that of her masters.'

Vol. i. p. 8.

It appears that although Tone became soon convinced that the oppressive rule and impolitic jealousy of England were the primary sources of all the misery and degradation of Ireland, and its own corrupt domestic administration but the secondary cause, yet he did not aim at separation till he was equally convinced, that all other hopes were vain. He was the confidential agent of the Catholic body, and attended their delegation, when, passing over the limits of their prisonhouse, they carried their petition to the monarch, and obtained concessions that promised a fair measure of contentment, and a more propitious era, had not the evil genius of Ireland given a malignant turn to her affairs, and a baleful triumph to the enemies of her peace and happiness. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the measure of coercion, insult, and cruelty, which followed and ended in rebellion, are well known as historical events, and will long be lamented by every friend to that country, and by the true friends of England. The progress of that rebellion, and the mighty consequences which it threatened to the British empire, will be found in these memoirs; and since the events are now past and over, they furnish deep matter of reflection to the wise and philanthropic statesman.

The first article in the work is a fragment of the life of Theobald Wolfe Tone written by himself, but never completed, giving an account of his early adventures and of his family circumstances. In this sketch, he exposes very freely the follies of his youth, his early passion for military parades, and the genius of his whole family for roaming abroad and visiting foreign countries. The uncertain and somewhat unfortunate circumstances of his father's house, added to this disposition, deprived him, as he says, of the advantages of cool and settled study, and yet such was the quickness of his natural parts, that he bore off almost every prize for which he was a competitor in Trinity College, where he was educated, obtained a scholarship, and would in all probability have gained a fellowship, had he remained a proper time. But the love of that person, with whom he united his destiny, then young and beautiful,

gave a new direction to his fate and fortunes. They made what is called a runaway match, but unlike many of those thoughtless and imprudent marriages, which begin in giddy passion and often end in apathy or disunion, these two congenial spirits grew together, and he that would see the picture of true and constant love, has but to read their story. Their little means sufficed for all their wants, and in their domestic circle, composed of this fond couple, his sister, his brothers, and his friend Russell, whom he loved still as a brother, wit, affection, and the delights of intellectual intercourse graced their frugal meals, and though fortune frowned, they never ceased to smile.

It being determined that he should try his fortune at the bar, he passed the usual time of probation in London, keeping his commons at one of the inns of court, and with no other help than such as those preposterous institutions afford to the bewildered student, where he receives neither tuition nor advice. He soon became disgusted with that life of inanity, so ill suited to his lively genius, and employed himself at times in writing essays for a magazine. But he and his brother and his friend Phipps, as he relates, formed once a bolder project, and drew up and presented a memorial to Mr Pitt, containing a proposal for the establishment of a colony in one of Cook's newly discovered islands, on a military plan, to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and annoy her in that quarter in time of war. This was at first favorably received by the ministers, but soon after, a convention being agreed upon between England and Spain, he was informed that existing circumstances had rendered it unnecessary at that time to put it in execution, but that it would be kept in remembrance. At length, in the year 1789, he was called to the Irish bar; but he declares with his usual *naïveté*, that though he went circuit three times, and dressed himself in a foolish wig and gown, yet he was '*modestly speaking*, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts.' It appears, however, that notwithstanding this self imputed ignorance, he nearly cleared his expenses on his first circuit, which is more than many do after a much longer period.

Here begins his political career. A pamphlet in defence of the Whig Club, then newly established, and vehemently attacked, brought an invitation from that body, the chief of which was Mr George Ponsonby. He was now dazzled with

the prospect of a seat in Parliament, and was employed on an election petition with a fee of a hundred guineas, as a mark of incipient favor ; but though he considered the principles of the Whigs good so far as they went, his own views had become more expanded. He did not like the idea of attaching himself as a dependant to any great man. Upon this subject he thus expresses himself.

‘I soon found reason not to regret that the whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily what seemed to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice in our government, and consequently that Ireland never would be free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable, whilst the connexion with England existed. In forming this theory which has ever since unwaveringly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed everything, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, Sir Lawrence Parsons, whom I look upon to be one of the *very few* honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention to this great question, but I very soon ran ahead of my master. It is in fact to him that I am indebted for the first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland. What his conduct might be in a crisis I know not, but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory. I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt, and their peddling about petty grievances instead of going to the root of the evil ; and I rejoiced that, if I was poor, as I actually was, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to any but the law.’ Vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

In recording the names of the members of a club which he had instituted about this time, consisting of the best wits of the day, he thus speaks of the well known martyr in the cause of his country’s liberty and rights.

‘I have strangely omitted the name of a man,’ says he, ‘whom, as well for his talents as his principles, I esteem as much as any, far more than most of them, I mean Thomas Addis Emmet, a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart ; of a great and comprehensive mind ; of the warmest and sincerest affection for his friends ; of a firm and steady adherence to his principles, to which he has sacrificed much, and would I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life. In classing the men I most esteem, I would place him beside Russell at the head of the list ;

because with regard to them both, the most ardent feelings of my heart coincide exactly with the most severe decision of my judgment.' Vol. i. p. 40.

The passage, which follows this, contains his remarks on the effects of the French revolution upon England and Ireland respectively, and of the great controversy between Burke and Paine. These remarks show the acute and original turn of his mind, and how vigorously he could seize upon the reality in every controverted question. After stating the reasons of Burke's triumph in England over Paine, and the revolutionary principles, he continues ;

'But matters were very different in Ireland, an oppressed, plundered, and insulted nation. As we well knew, experimentally, what it was to be enslaved, we sympathized more sincerely with the French people, and watched their progress to freedom with the utmost anxiety. As the revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same or a still higher proportion ; till in a little time the French revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the aristocrats and democrats (epithets borrowed from France), who have ever since been measuring each other's strength, and carrying on a kind of smothered war, which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action.'

Vol. i. p. 43.

We next come to the author's account of the origin and principles of the United Irishmen, and the formation of the first club in Belfast, of which he wrote the declaration, but in which he says he soon sunk into obscurity, for the establishment of a republic at that time had not entered into his speculations. He sought only the independence of his country. Antipathy to England had now become almost an instinct in him ; he considered the power of that country as in constant hostility to the happiness and welfare of Ireland. Some new advances were at this time made to him by the Whig party, which he did not reciprocate ; and he intimates a belief that Mr Ponsonby had not forgiven him for his independent conduct towards him and those who acted with him.

We are obliged to pass over many interesting particulars, which abound in every page of this fragment, and hasten to the concluding part of the biography by his son. From this it appears, that his father wrote in Paris the abstract here men-

tioned, some time after the latest events recounted in it, and from memory. It brings down the history of his life to the middle of July, 1792. The sequel would have been supplied by the diaries, which he regularly kept from the time that he felt himself involved in important public concerns, had not these diaries, comprehending a most eventful period of his life, been lost through the fault or neglect of a friend, with whom they were deposited for safe keeping. It is to fill out this deficiency, from the scanty materials which remained, that his son resumed his pen, and few men were more competent to do justice to such a task, than Captain William Theobald Wolfe Tone. At an early age, his talent for historical composition had acquired him distinguished notice from the National Institute of France. His literary attainments, unassuming merit, fidelity, and courage, have rendered him a favorite, as well with his preceptors in academical learning, as with his military chiefs. On the fall of his great master, Napoleon, he honorably resigned his commission, and repaired to this country, where, we believe, his merit has not been overlooked by those of our statesmen, most capable of appreciating it.

After having been the Secretary, and an able and efficient agent of the Catholic body, accompanied the delegation which carried their petition to the foot of the throne, and refused, from a high spirit of independence, very advantageous offers from the great leaders of the Whigs, Tone became implicated with Jackson, who was sent from France to sound the sentiments of the Irish people. But he was at length obliged to leave his native country, and come to the United States. He had determined to settle near Princeton, in New Jersey, and was in treaty for a farm, when he was invited by his friends in Ireland to repair to France, and solicit succors from the government for the liberation of their country. His early political creed was not revolutionary, although he always considered the influence of England, and her support of the monopoly and of the abuses of the Irish administration and protestant ascendancy party, as the bane of Irish prosperity, and thought that independence was to be sought by every practicable means. He clearly saw that the great impediment to this object was the disunion of religious parties, and the exclusion of the great body of the people from every civil and religious right. He was convinced that no relief could be effectual or worth pursuing, which was not founded on entire equality and justice.

The Whig principles he approved, so far as they were accordant with this sentiment ; but he soon made up his mind, that the narrow views of the Irish Whigs, who, with a great show of patriotism, and display of talents and eloquence, still hung upon petty grievances, and hacknied opposition, aiming rather at a change of men and their own advancement, than at the restoration of the people to their rights, were rather hurtful than advantageous to the real cause of his country. He had sounded the bottom of the question on every side. He had negotiated between the catholics and the protestant dissenters, and between them both and the great leaders of the opposition of the day, Grattan, Lord Moira, the Ponsonbys, and others ; but, above all, he had formed the first clubs of the United Irishmen, upon the principle of political freedom and religious toleration. His writings, in which the reader will find most of what has been repeated in so many celebrated speeches of the orators in Parliament, and writers of celebrity since his day, had marked him as one of those whom it was necessary for corruption either to ruin or to gain. When he left his country, he carried with him the confidence of the protestant dissenters of the north of Ireland, and the liberal part of those of the established church, who were then not a few, some of whom were distinguished for their character and talents, and whose spirit revolted at the measures of insult and oppression. From the catholics he received a vote of thanks for services, which no gratitude could overrate, nor remuneration ever pay.

Before we accompany Mr Tone through his adventures in France, we shall give, in his own words, a picture of the misery to which the poor Irish emigrants, flying from the terror and vengeance which drove them from their native shores, were still exposed.

‘ About the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopped by three British frigates, the *Thetis*, Captain Lord Cochrane, the *Hussar*, Captain Rose, and the *Esperance*, Captain Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands, save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and who thus most unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny, one of them at least, which exists. As I was in a jacket and trowsers, one of the lieutenants ordered me into the boat as a fit

man to serve the king, and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures if I had been pressed and sent on board a man of war. The insolence of these tyrants, as well to myself as to my poor fellow passengers, in whose fate a fellowship in misfortune had interested me, I have not since forgotten, and I never will. At length, after detaining us two days, during which they rummaged us at least twenty times, they suffered us to proceed. Vol. i. p. 130.

On the 1st of January, 1796, he sailed from New York, with letters from the French Minister, Adet, recommending him strongly to his government, and on the first of February he arrived at Havre de Grace.

It may be well imagined what impressions would be made upon the lively and inquiring mind of Tone, by the scenes presented on the first view of a country, whose history, manners, and actual condition, could not but be subjects of eager curiosity. The period at which he arrived, was one pregnant with events; it was that between the horrors of the revolution and the elevation of a single chief to such power, as none had ever before attained in Europe; where a succession of weak, tottering, and corrupted governments had paved the way for that arbitrary, but brilliant conqueror, reformer, and legislator, whose powerful genius has left traces of light behind, and whose fall may serve as a beacon, warning against fatal and self deluding ambition.

From his first arrival in France, our hero lost no occasion of promoting his object. He husbanded his little means, the better to preserve his independence, and he avoided with equal address the artifices of spies, and the no less dangerous society of indiscreet friends. Though often disgusted with the ignorant and preposterous opinions which he had to encounter, his warm enthusiasm never betrayed him into word or deed, that could alienate a friend or create an enemy to his country. It was not by the arts of flattery, however, that he prevailed, but by manly reason and persuasion. Profoundly acquainted with his own country, he was always ready to present such a state of facts, and such enlarged views, as to inspire respect and confidence, till his opinions became the opinions of those, in whose hands was the disposal of power.

His first visit in Paris was to the American Minister, Mr Monroe, who received him very kindly, and was his adviser as

far as his station would warrant. He next made his way to the Minister, De la Croix. By him he was referred to Madgett, of whose agency in the case of Jackson he had previously full knowledge. But finding this person preoccupied with his own impracticable projects, he drew up a memorial to the French government, and soon after was informed that, considering England as invulnerable till separated from Ireland, they were willing to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive, and a treaty of commerce upon principles of mutual advantage. But the succors they were able to offer were, in the view of Tone, far short of the object and the necessity of the case. That his ideas might be better understood, he determined to go to the directory and demand an audience. His first interview with Carnot, then President, and whom he styles 'the organizer of victory,' is thus described.

'Feb. 24.—Went at 12 o'clock in a fright, to the Luxembourg, conning speeches in execrable French all the way. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, "whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that truly shall I utter." Picked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion. Went into the first bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see citizen Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroical; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me.' Vol. II. p. 25.

Having thus gained access to the first magistrate of the republic, he showed much sagacity in profiting by it. In this, as in every other communication, he stipulated for perfect independence, and against all interference, in case of success, with the government, which the Irish people might think proper to establish. He insisted upon the necessity of an adequate force, that blood might be spared on every side, and valuable lives saved, of which so many had already been sacrificed; and in two memorials he exhibited the motives of policy, which should induce the greatest possible exertions, and pointed out the best means and measures to be pursued.

But of all with whom he had to treat, he found the greatest difficulty with one, to whom he was referred as best able to judge of his plans, and of the situation and circumstances of Ireland. This person was no other than the General Clarke, afterwards created duke of Feltre, and so conspicuous as minister of war under Napoleon. He was descended from one of the adherents of James the Second, who, after that monarch's

defeat, took refuge in Ireland. All his notions were of the old Jacobite school; and his mind was preoccupied with legends, and traditions, and follies of past times, still looking to the aristocracy of Ireland, as that through which a revolution was to be effected. It required all Tone's command of countenance and temper to reason with him, and make him comprehend the altered spirit and new combinations, that had arisen, particularly since the American and French revolutions. He reminded him, moreover, that in the wars between William and James, the French king, Lewis the Fourteenth, might have separated the two kingdoms; but that partly through his own bad policy, and partly through the interested views of his minister Louvois, he contented himself with feeding the war, little by little, till the opportunity was lost, which France ever since has had reason to regret. To which General Clarke added, that more recently, when the volunteers were in force, and a rupture seemed probable, a proposal to succor Ireland was overruled in the French councils by the interest of the Count de Vergennes, who for that service, he said, had received a considerable bribe from England; and that he, Clarke, had been informed of this by a principal agent in paying the money.

Carnot and Hoche were the two persons, whom Tone most admired and respected. For the latter, under whom he served, and whose entire confidence he possessed, he formed a devoted attachment. That brave general added to his rank of *chef de brigade* that of adjutant general, and made him one of his family during the time he was at Rennes, the head quarters of the army destined for the invasion. There he was near losing that excellent friend, by the attempt of two assassins on his life.

From the low state of the French finances, the disaffection of the marine, and other difficulties, it was not till the month of October, 1796, that General Tone received orders to accompany his chief to Brest. The accounts of the arrest and dangerous situation of many of his political friends in Ireland, made him impatient of every delay, that crossed his hopes of arriving in time for their deliverance. The general entered into his feelings, and strongly urged forward the admiral (Villaret Joyeuse), who still hung back, and was at length cashiered. He was succeeded by Morard de Galles, but with little advantage, as to him was imputed the ultimate defeat of the expedition.

After many obstacles, a force was finally collected of fortythree sail, with 15,000 troops, the flower of the French army, a force in the opinion of General Tone, which many circumstances go to confirm, more than sufficient to effect their purpose. This was a critical period in the history of the British empire. On the 17th of December, 1796, this fleet put to sea; but from the first hour till the last of its ill omened proceedings, the elements conspired with treason, or something as ruinous, to protect England from the consequences of an administration, which boasted of strong measures against its own exasperated subjects, and was utterly powerless and defenceless against the foreign enemy. For more than a fortnight this fleet kept the seas. During a part of that time, the greater portion of it was in the very bay of Bantry, the destined place of landing, but the admiral, with the commander in chief detained on board, never joined; and Grouchy, the second in command, could not be persuaded, till it was too late, to disembark the troops. The long continued storms and violent gales drove the ships from their anchors, and rendered all communication by boats impracticable. The signal being at length given to steer for France, they again entered the waters of Brest, without having seen an enemy.

Those who take pleasure in military histories, will find in the diary of General Tone, during this expedition, a full and particular relation of every occurrence as it arose. In the midst of the disasters that hung upon this enterprise, under circumstances of such agitation, tantalized by the sight of his native land, for which he had done and suffered so much, often within hail and close by the destined spot of disembarkation, stung with indignation at the misconduct of the admiral, and grief for the absence of Hoche, who was the life of all his hopes, on the rack for the fate of his family and friends, still present to his thoughts, amidst the tempests and the rocking of the stormy waves, we find him firm and self possessed, observing all that passed, and noting it down, with his own comments and reflections, composing new manifestos in place of those remaining with the absent commander, forming plans, making estimates of the still disposable means and force, assisting at councils of war, and swaying, by his discreet and unassuming persuasion, the judgments of his seniors and superiors.

The absence of the blockading squadron, under Admiral Gardner, from before Brest, during the whole time of this

expedition, may perhaps be accounted for by a stratagem of General Hoche. Having learned that his printer was to be bribed for a copy of his anticipated proclamation, he had one addressed to the Portuguese, translated with great show of mystery and secrecy by a priest, who understood their language.

For a month after his return to France, Tone remained in a state of depression, and discontinued his journal, having nothing to say and little inclination to write; but he was soon roused from this stupor by two events, the best calculated to revive his sensibilities, and call forth his energies. The one was a letter from his wife, announcing her arrival with her children at Hamburg, and the other an assurance from General Hoche, that the affair of Ireland was only suspended, and would soon be resumed with new spirit and determination. Having received his arrears of pay, and leave of absence, he proceeded through Holland to join his family and conduct them into France. He met them at Groningen.

The next attempt for the liberation of Ireland was from a quarter not before thought of or suspected. General Hoche had persuaded the government of the Batavian republic to undertake an expedition, and with great generosity, although he had looked to this object as the ground of future fame, he conceded to the Dutch general, Daendels, and to Admiral De Winter, the honor of conducting it. Whatever England had to dread, or Ireland to hope, from the expedition of Bantry bay, this seemed still more formidable, and the circumstances more auspicious to the undertaking. The Irish administration had persisted in what were called strong measures, which are stated to have equalled the worst horrors of the revolution in France; and we fear that we cannot altogether refuse to credit the assertion, that tortures were mercilessly used to extort confessions and denunciations, or to execute punishment or revenge. To believe this without strong evidence would be wrong, but we must doubt too many respectable authorities before we can question these appalling facts. Among the rest we must doubt the veracity of the statements, laid by the Earl of Moira before the English and Irish house of lords, in which these excesses were not denied but justified. They were indemnified by bills of indemnity, as acts of vigor beyond the law. These measures had it seems greatly added to the strength of the revolutionary party, and driven into its ranks

men of high character and great talents. It may justly give us some confidence in any leaning we may have to the side of the rebels, as they were then called, that, fortune having brought many of them to our shores, who, whilst their friends and country lay prostrate, were branded with opprobrious names, and held up to the world as very miscreants, they have since become our fellow citizens and resided amongst us for a quarter of a century, presenting examples of purity, honor, and loyalty, in every action of their lives. If, at a time when their hands and tongues were tied, whilst they lay in dungeons, and every organ of communication was denied, and none dared to vindicate them, advantage was taken of their situation, it is but a fair and honorable duty now to let their true story be told and promulgated far and wide. This is no more than the demand of truth and justice.

It was stated about this time, by a committee of the Irish house of Commons, that there were in the north of Ireland, 100,000 United Irishmen, all of whom were then declared felons by the law, and liable to be hanged and shot. They had eight pieces of cannon, at the least, concealed, one mortar, and a great quantity of other arms. The mutiny in the English fleet had reached the army, and was with time and difficulty appeased by increase of pay to both seamen and soldiers. The public funds were at the lowest state of depression ever known. Hoche pressed the directory; and the minister of the marine in France was now entirely favorable. The Dutch executive council, the generals and admiral, warmly adopted the design, as a means of reviving the drooping honors of their name by an act of high eclat. Stipulations were renewed for the independence of Ireland. The line of battle was appointed, nearly fourteen thousand troops were on board, in high spirits and condition, and the anchors were already weighed. But the fortune of England again prevailed. The wind, which had before been fair, suddenly changed to the southwest, where it continued without intermission for about two months, till the opportunity was lost. The mutiny at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Nore was quelled. Admiral Duncan's fleet was augmented by a large reinforcement, and now much exceeded that which was to transport the army to Ireland. The provisions shipped for the use of this army were nearly exhausted. At length the great enterprise was abandoned; minor projects were talked of, and afterwards, in the month of October, the

Dutch fleet was ordered to sea, for what reason, or upon what principle, still remains doubtful. The brave De Winter, after one of the most desperate and hard fought actions of modern times, was defeated by the more fortunate Duncan.

Tone's ensuing journals are written in a spirit of great despondency. The news of the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the death or danger impending over others of his friends, and the terrible sufferings of his country, weighed heavily upon his heart, till his hopes were for a time revived by the formation of a new army, to which he was attached, professedly for the invasion of England, to be commanded by General Bonaparte, then just returned from a victorious campaign in Italy. But in his first conference with that extraordinary personage, he discovered that his design was not to benefit his country. That ambitious chief, the editor and son of Tone observes, had already formed his plan for the conquest of Egypt, and used the name of Ireland and of the 'Army of England' to conceal it.

'He disliked the causes both of Ireland and Poland, as too much connected with the spirit of republicanism and revolution, which he did not wish to encourage; yet the one would have proved the weak point of England and the other of Russia, and he might have kept both powers in check by a frank support of those two oppressed and unfortunate countries. His final downfall, effected by the efforts of England and Russia, seems a kind of retributive justice, and it is remarkable that an Irish minister and an Irish general effected his final overthrow.'

A few months before embarking in the last fatal expedition, there are passages in our hero's journals of a melancholy and prophetic cast.

'The conduct of the English government,' he observes, 'though atrociously wicked, is by no means deficient in system and arrangement. They have begun by seizing almost all the chiefs of the people, and now they draw the sword to anticipate the possibility of resistance, or render them incapable of profiting by it.' 'What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland! The only accusation against the United Irishmen is, that they wish to break the connexion with England; in other words, to establish the independence of their country; an object in which surely the men of property are most interested. Yet the very sound of independence seems to have terrified them out of all sense, spirit, or honesty. If they had one drop of Irish blood in their veins, one grain of true courage or genuine patriotism in their hearts, they should have been the first to support this great object. The peo-

ple would have supported them ; the English government would never have dared to attempt the measures they have since triumphantly pursued, and continue to pursue ; our revolution would have been accomplished without a shock, or, perhaps, one drop of blood spilled.' 'If the United Irishmen succeed, there is no rational man can doubt but that a very short period will suffice to do away the evils inseparable from such a contest ; and that in seven years or less, after the independence of Ireland is established, when she can apply all her energy to cultivate her natural resources, her trade, agriculture, and manufactures will be sufficient to indemnify her for the sacrifices with which she will be obliged to purchase her liberty. The example of America is an evidence of this truth.' 'The best that can be said in palliation of the conduct of the English party is, that they are content to sacrifice the liberty of their country to the pleasure of revenge, and their own personal security. They see Ireland only in their rent rolls, their places, their patronage, and their pensions.' 'At least the United Irishmen have a sublime object in view. Their enemies have not yet ventured, in the long catalogue of their accusations, to insert the charge of interested motives. They may be feared and abhorred, but they can never be despised.'

Vol. II. pp. 481—484.

Towards the end of May, Tone was ordered to join General Bethencourt, at Havre, which place the English were bombarding, and he served a month there. His journal closes with bitter reflections upon the sad condition of his country, which had been purposely goaded into open resistance, without any means of supporting the war against the power of the oppressor, except the arms that indignation and despair supplied. Remorseless massacres and bloody executions were sweeping away the lives of the brave, who ventured into the field, and still more of those who remained through terror passive and inactive. Such were the views, such the principles of Theobald Wolfe Tone. That he was honest and sincere, never can be doubted ; that he was highly gifted, can be as little questioned ; and no true patriot or lover of liberty can contemplate his story with indifference.

The last and most tragical period of his existence is now, after nearly thirty years, given as a sequel to his own autobiography by his son ; his materials, as he says, being derived from the public papers, his mother's correspondence, and a few private letters. He draws an imposing picture of the history and character of the times. Refugees from Ireland, of various

descriptions, with their blood boiling with indignation at the scenes they had witnessed and passed through, vehemently entreated for succors, and pressed upon the government of France to make some exertion in favor of those who yet stood out, before the occasion should be lost forever. General Tone was recalled to Paris, to consult with the ministers of the war and navy departments, upon the organization of a new expedition; but those recently arrived, impatient of delay, begged to be only relanded on their own shores with a supply of arms and ammunition to make a last effort for their bleeding country. A brave but thoughtless soldier of fortune, Humbert, fired by their story with a romantic ardor, broke through the rules of command, and with one thousand men, one thousand guineas, and one thousand spare muskets, effected a landing, and succeeded in surprising and defeating the English general, Lake, who had been a signal instrument of the vengeance of the government, and the author of a terrible proclamation some time before. It is said and believed by the younger Tone, from the evidence he has examined, that had this gallant adventurer followed up his success with the same spirit with which he had begun, and advanced rapidly into the country, where there was a denser population and more system, he might have afforded a sufficient rallying point for a rising of the people. But the government, it seems, was more indebted to a right reverend bishop (the bishop of Killalla) than to General Lake for his defeat. This prelate found means to entertain and amuse him, till the viceroy himself (Lord Cornwallis), after putting all the forces in the kingdom in motion, marched against this little band with slow and cautious steps. When encircled by the whole army, they laid down their arms, and the miserable peasants of this wild and desolate quarter, who had joined the standard without order, system, or discipline, and with so little knowledge of fire arms, that they threw them away as incumbrances, were slaughtered without mercy. Two of those who had accompanied Humbert from France, General Tone's brother Matthew, and Bartholomew Teeling, son of a distinguished member of the Catholic committee, were taken to Dublin in irons, and there executed.

On the news of the first victory of Humbert, the small division of General Hardy was sent off with one ship of the line and eight frigates. They encountered adverse winds, and after twenty days' cruise fell in with the fleet of Sir John

Borlase Warren. Whilst the French admiral prepared to do honor to his flag, by a brave though hopeless defence, the French officers supplicated Tone to go on board a frigate, the *Biche*, that had the best chance of escape, and which in fact did escape. His answer was, 'Shall it be said that I fled while the French were fighting the battles of my country?' He was on board the *Hoche* 74, which, surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, sustained, during six hours, the fire of the whole fleet, and did not strike till her scuppers ran with blood, and she floated a dismasted and dismantled wreck upon the waters. Tone commanded a battery, and is reported to have fought like one who courted death. He was landed with the other prisoners, and was with other officers seated at breakfast at the table of Lord Cavan, when he was discovered by an ancient fellow student, Sir George Hill, and hurried from this extremity of the kingdom to the capital, in a most painful situation, fettered and on horseback, and exposed to indignities, which he bore with that loftiness of nature which never forsook him. His noble carriage at his trial, his courageous avowal of his acts and principles, and the affecting tragedy of his death, we leave for the reader, who, if his heart be not steeled, will sigh over the moving tale as we have done. Some future poet may take it for his theme of song; some orator borrow from it inspired thoughts and animated strains; but poetry or eloquence can add but little to the thrilling interest that it possesses.

The reader of the life of Tone will doubtless wish to learn the fate and fortunes of his family. The account given of them by his son is very affecting. He states that his mother, though in a delicate and precarious state of health, a stranger in the land, scarcely speaking the language, and without friend or adviser, having lived in the greatest privacy, rallied a courage and spirit worthy of the name she bore. She first addressed herself to the minister of foreign affairs, who could speak her language, and had known her husband. He entered into her feelings with kind solicitude, and gave her an introduction and strong recommendation to the directory. The Dutch ambassador, M. Schimmelpennick, also assured her that her husband should be claimed by the Batavian republic, in whose service he held the same rank as in the French. She wrote to her friend the brave Admiral De Winter, and to General Kilmaine, the commander in chief of the army in which he served, who also addressed a warm and affectionate letter to the directory.

They determined that hostages should be seized. With all the credentials and means she could desire, she was about to embark in hope of reaching his prison before the fatal stroke. At this moment the news arrived, that she was a widow, and her children fatherless. Her misfortunes excited universal interest. Distinguished and powerful persons, as Talleyrand, Admiral Bruix, and General Kilmaine, proposed to adopt her sons. She was grateful, but preferred trusting to the nation to bestow on them a manly education, rather than have them brought up favorites and dependants in great men's families. This met their approbation and confirmed their esteem. Her lofty spirit could not brook dependence, nor stoop to complaint; and she was reckless of every honor, but the cherished memory of him that was no more, and of every employment but the education of his children. She locked up in her own breast her silent anguish, and gathered under her wing her little brood, to shield them as she could from the farther ills of fate, and taste thenceforth of no delight but that of educating them, and teaching them to be worthy of their father's name. Amongst many tokens of respect paid to his memory, and to her desert, will be found in the Appendix a discourse of unrivalled eloquence, pronounced by Lucien Bonaparte, then president of the council of five hundred.

The editor subjoins, as part of the history of the family after the decease of his father, a true account, from the pen of his mother, of a certain interview with Napoleon. Misrepresentations of this interview had been made in print, and repeated in the Monthly Magazine, accompanied indeed by very liberal and delicate comments. Although the article appears to have been written with no unkind view toward her, and the author was not sparing in compliments, it brought her before the public, in a light, which was to her peculiarly distressing, as having figured in the genteelest circles, when her life had been one of privacy and seclusion, estranged from every scene of gaiety, devoted to one only object, the care and education of her children. It is not therefore surprising, that this should have drawn from her a few strong expressions of her wounded feelings; '*for grief,*' to use her own words, '*is proud, and makes its owner stout.*' But however admirable such qualities may be, we prefer those specimens of female eloquence, when the soul, softened by the tender influences of nature, breathes forth the gentler accents of piety and love, and above all a mother's

love. In this narrative of simple truth, extorted from a widowed mother, are not wanting attractive and moving descriptions of this kind.

These volumes are closed with a memoir, containing a brief narrative of Captain Tone's services in the light cavalry and staff, until he emigrated from France to the United States, after the battle of Waterloo. It describes in a vivid manner the enthusiasm, buoyant dispositions, hardships, sufferings, and mode of living of that army, so long the terror of Europe. The battle of Leipsic, and the horrors which overspread the field and hung upon the French in their retreat, are the more impressive from the simplicity of the narration. This young officer, after much hardship and many wounds during three campaigns, resigned his commission upon the fall of his great chief, and renounced the prospects of advancement that were still open to him. He brought with him many and high testimonials of his merit, and is now employed in the service of this country, and settled with his mother near the seat of government. He married the daughter of Mr William Sampson, who was the early friend of his father, and many years ago, in his memoirs, published in this country, celebrated his virtues, and paid an affectionate tribute of respect and esteem to her, who had shared his fortunes when living, and by her faithful performance of every duty during a long widowhood, sustained the honor of his name and family.

---

ART. IV.—*Commentaries on American Law.* By JAMES KENT. Volume I. New York. O. Halsted. 1826. 8vo. pp. 508.

IN the accustomed security of a well regulated community we meet with but few occurrences to remind us of the influence of the laws that are blended in all our transactions, safely conducting us in the crossings and windings of our diverse pursuits, and being ever present to our persons and rights with a vigilant guard and sure protection. Law, in its broadest acceptation, cannot be better described than in the well known passage of Hooker, where he says, 'Of law no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice, the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and